

Dementol23

*A Rainstorm
& A Dryland
&
Other Poems*



A Rainstorm & A Dryland and Other Poems

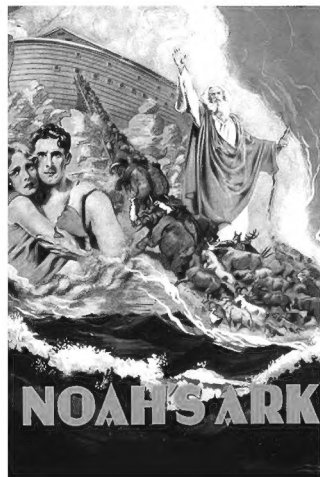


by Demento123

A Rainstorm and A Dryland

A rainy Sunday and raindrops fall outside my window, dripping and making sounds I've heard too many times. I get a vision from another land. The men in black tell me that it will rain a very long time and never stop. The men in black send me off to foreign lands and I dream I'm being taken to a dry area of their planet. I hear it's pretty dry on this land & planet earth is gonna be another flood-bath for people to swim thru and take themselves afloat, up to the hills and down again, into a dry valley, like the planet I'm visiting now. The men in black send me back home and I tell everyone their message and how it will be useful for everybody to abide by their law. Everyone just stares and thinks I've been touched by some kind of strange angel. Later, I receive the messages again, and prepare for the planet of the dry lands.

So I hope everyone can help. We shall build a shuttle that can take us over mountains up to planet dryland. We must bring food and water, and everything else we may need for our trip. Anyone who stays behind on earth will be consumed by the floodwaters and will not survive. So I guess that's it. A ticket to dryland and a warm bed to sleep in. We'll be prepared when that time comes.



Diary Of A Cranky Old Man

So, I guess you'd call this not making sense. Wordlessness seems to be prevalent, or, maybe in my case. I sang a song about wordlessness, or, meaninglessness. Meaningless songs are happening these days for me. Writing some things, a song called XYZ Baby, full of indolence and little stress, or, lack of sleep since I've been up all night long blah-blahing to everyone. So I guess more is less in this case.



Hope to see something good come out of this book here. Maybe get crazy with some maniacal poetry, cut-ups, manifestos (oops) and some rants I planned on posting previous pages ago yet never fulfilled.

We'll see how long this thing will last until I get tired and start anew. Maybe develop some kind of optimization process. Control seems necessary these days. Too many things ending on bad notes. So, I guess you can call this a negative view of the world, or, hoping for a new one, since I can't handle the old one I live in.



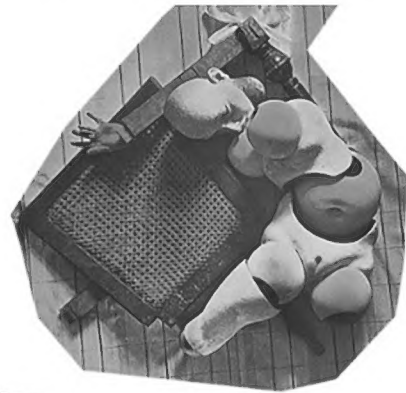
Hope for the best, as I say in my drunk inebriation
— Hope for the best.



Sandwich Mentality

A little bit of sandwich men with sandwich mentalities and ones knocking each other on the heads. Heads become bumped by things we see. We call it bumped, they call it trauma. A traumatic experience can lead into a good bump. We call this unbumped, they call it exposure and response. Most humans have been bumped once in their lives. Bumped is different than bonk. Bonkism is a way of having fun. Bonkism can sometimes lead to trouble. Overdoing bonkism leads to bumpism. Therefore, we must avoid bonking in great amounts. "Yr loved one was bonked and now she's bumped."

In essence, a sandwich mentality can be overcome by the more exposure we can get. Undo the sandwiched mentality and say "hello world."



Finding God In Fast Food.

a cool day to begin another entry on a swell day it is, yes, not much going on, church didn't happen as i expected. missed another Sunday, remembering what the minister said abt finding Jesus in the Burger King mascot. and he definitely resembles the King of the holy lands as you can see. fast

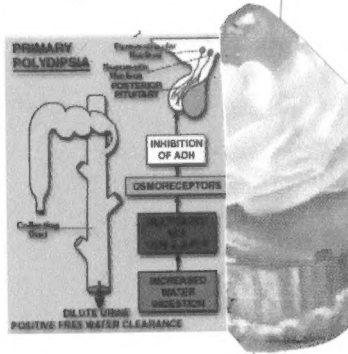


food is unfortunately our god in this day and age. finding love in a burger, on the go, no time for anything else. i'm definitely at fault. i found a savior in McDonald's instead. pigging out on pizza and burgers. had the cravings for Life cereal and Big Macs. some say medication is the cause for all this. some people refuse or walk around w/ the shadow of a stigma haunting them second after second. the Burger King mascot is probably our savior in a sense. food is what we live on and you are what you eat. snacking is alright, but some of us deal w/ the neverending mania or workaholism, and some of us don't. many ditch the confidence level or fear it, hoping the check will be in the mail. it always is. Pasolini predicted this, saying everyone will be eating burgers and chocolate by the next century. Pasolini made this straight out and to the point. and he had to go to these extremes to show us. well, i gotta wake up a little and enjoy the fresh air. gotta get away from the writing machine and enjoy the nature that's around us.



Hey, Fatso!!

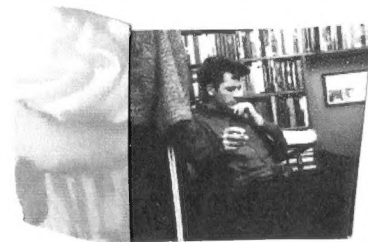
a dude who drank milk and got fat and drank more and more but didn't care. he saw others with fat bodies and was pissed abt this whole obesity thing. he was mad abt cheap food but loved to eat. they called him fatso but he weighed only 210 pounds and he was considered fat by most peoples standards and wanted to be superthin so one day he drank a lot of water and became so superthin you couldn't see him. however, he almost died and had to go to the hospital due to low electrolytes. he knew others w/ this problem. they had increased thirsts and they had polydipsia. they never stopped drinking. everyone had to interfere and stop them



before they killed themselves. that would be a scary situation and no one would like it. no kidding. ---

the dude was a cake eater and he ate many things on saturday & sunday. he ate food from art galleries and said how he much liked to say things to people who never wanted to grow up on Thursday. he saw a nerd on Monday and said how he was so beautiful and asked him what it meant to be making money when you really don't want to. you write and be creative but you can never make money w/ it. make money not making sense and such. okay. so we undo and unlearn great things and see people who are so great at what they're doing and seeing them making a buck a word. a buck a word? hmmm? i made nothing yesterday or tomorrow. if that's the way it's gonna be. ---

dom deluise
fatso
a film by
anne bancroft

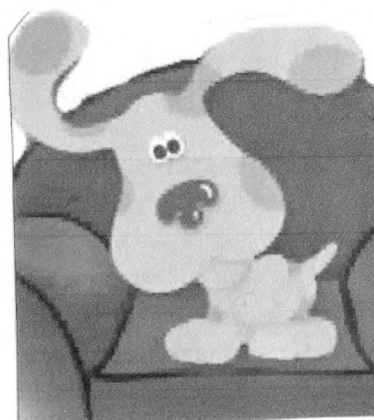
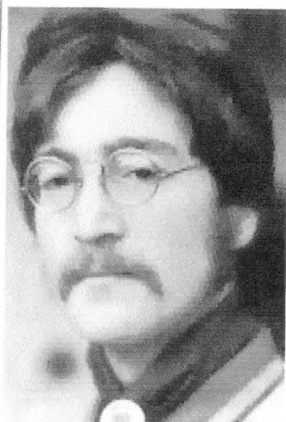
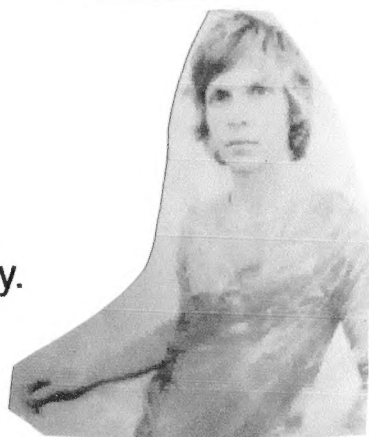
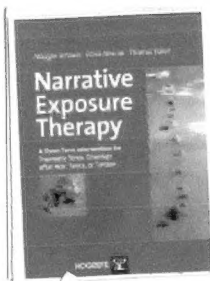


A Case of the Blues

"albino colored glasses and knockkneed shoes," as John Lennon said in the wonderful Beatle outtake "A Case of the Blues." so similar to Beck's "O Maria," so very close, yes yes. a blue dog to go around and give people the blues. reading abt them can do the same. so ask me to stop if getting blued out becomes to much and getting away from blue dogs will be a form of therapy. maybe seeing a blue dog for several hrs can make you unblue. will this be the ERP for today?

so we sat and stared and hoped the test would work. the dog never left and so we marched over to Wal-Mart and picked up some liters of soda and drank the night away. we woke up hurting and doing sit-ups all morning. we were finally okay, until we encountered the blue dog again and said,

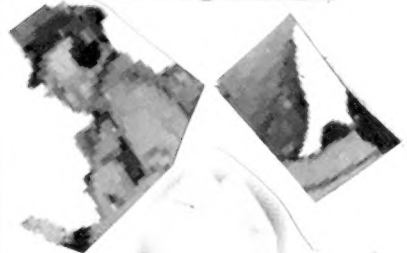
"hell. let's push the thing away." sending him outside it was. the neighbors called PETA but we left fast. PETA showed up naked and blue w/ floppy blue ears and woofed at us. we went back inside, ignoring all the hubbub, and enjoyed another program of golf.



Growing Up With Dolls.

So a good man said that using a doll in art is so damn weird. a retro doll and a need to be weird, that is. so weird and pure strangeness happens from day to day. asked to reform to get along and answer phonecalls from long lost loves. designing t-shirts and wearing them around w/ no meaning whatsoever to most people. sayings in Esperanto and things from fishy record albums and strange dolls that sing church songs and play w/ other sock puppets. singing songs abt not welcoming the devil to yr heart and such. a fine doll that was. she was wonderful i should say, ya ya.

so the dolls overcame me in some sort of way. the day when a doll was placed on a comatose's bed and he woke up. later he buried it into the ground and out came a man w/ a cows head. mr. cowhead marched back home and turned into a mailman. mailman turned into a bishop and killed a lady in his underwear. i'm against violence myself, so i disapprove of that. play it late at night so the kids won't see. they see too much. let's work it out, said the doll. we marched into a church and prayed to God. we said, let's grow up happy and run the world our own way. Amen. and so it happened and we became good little children and fine young men and women, off to the jobs; and finally settling down and raising our own children. maybe they too will have a doll like our own.



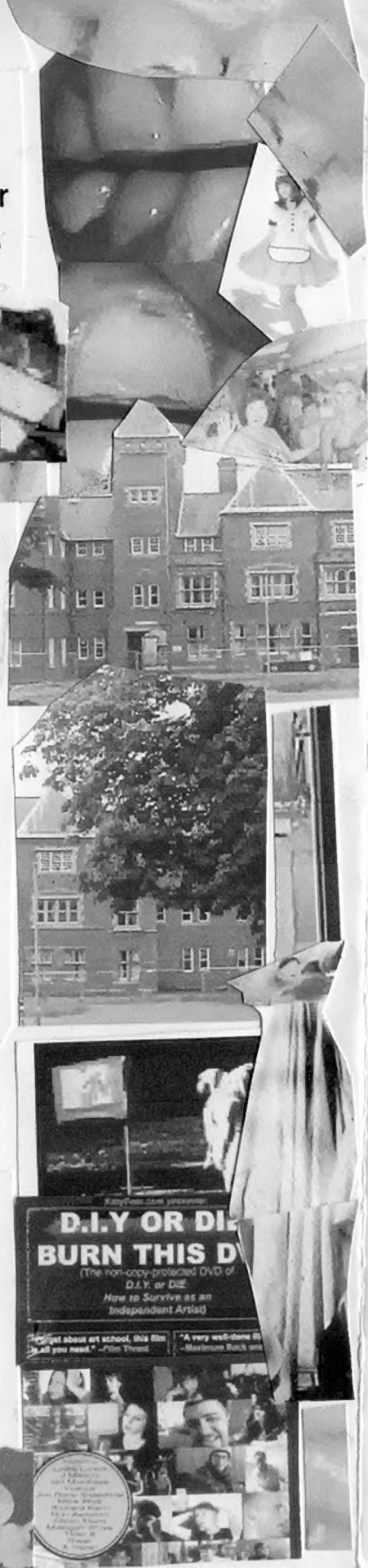
Stream For All.



angry son of man, foton dwellers, dealers
of a bruxist society. bruxism and a fast pace
world, devils inside the heads, stress-reducer
and anxiety stabilization, medication on hold,
to the bank you go, down to a luncheon w/
nameless folks, talking chatting and
recording. remembering letters long ago
received by loved ones, telling all in yr
notepad. keeping the records straight and to
the point.

the records on overdrive and yr turntable
is frying, honey. a fried egg and an early
morning coffee to start the day. coffee
increases a painful mouth when yr bruxism
tears gums and decomposes mouths so
loved by family and neighbors. neighbors
getting outside, riding bikes and enjoying
nature. little girl talks to me and tells me her
brother watches television. i said it's good
she gets out in the fresh air, talking to
people. chatting w/ friends and walking over
to a state government building that lacks
good security. good security is something
people want but i think it sometimes goes
overboard. overboard and i haven't sailed
yet. i fear flying too.

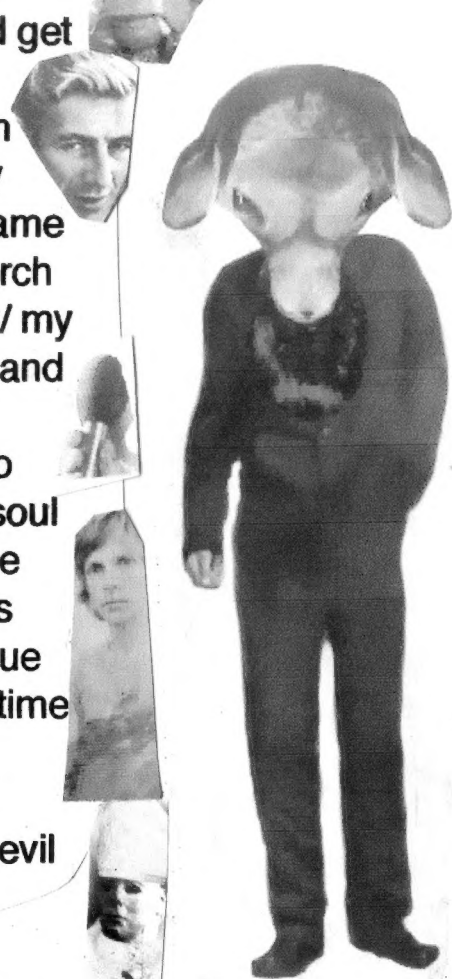
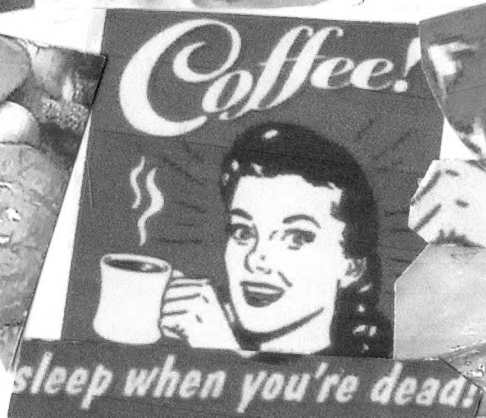
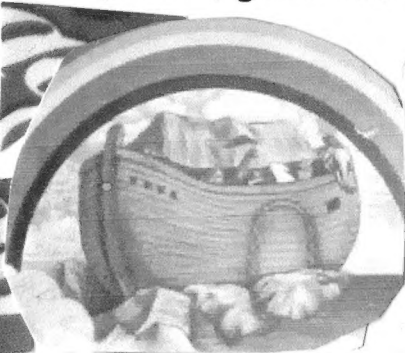
a cut-and-paste, one note song and
dance. people liking fast paced images (me
too) and MTV youth indulging themselves
(me too). an MTV video production job but
keeping the DIY intact, retro avant-garde,
plotless fun and games, and keeping the
balance beam going w/ other media forms,
art forms, reportage, and events.



This devil in side me has got to go and get out and writ my heart out. some kind of religious format i'm going by, even tho i'm agnostic, have some faith, but constantly searching for the meaning of life. what came abt these past few months led me to search even more. i say 'how long can i go on w/ my Rod McKuen bit, asking for a safe place and paying no mind to the suicide before us. many deep prose to go on, devils need to release themselves, exit my possessed soul and call down on all nations, speaking the holy word to all. since this contradiction is now in place as you can see, i will continue the search for the ultimate fix like an old time Yage seekers searches for the ultimate wonder drug, the ultimate trip for continuance and asking for a heartless devil to tell all he can say. i hope he does.

cool sounds coming from the stereo again fills the ears, hands shake, to much caffeine, sleepless nights, a sleep disorder prevails; no go son, gotta make it and force it on ya.

gotta rest for the future and accept the changes. the tube is off and the computer's on the eye. reading and writing, sketching and scribbling. restful and secure. no coffee for me, my son. i must sleep.





**All works originally published on
Demento123 Yahoo! 360° blog, 2007.**

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